

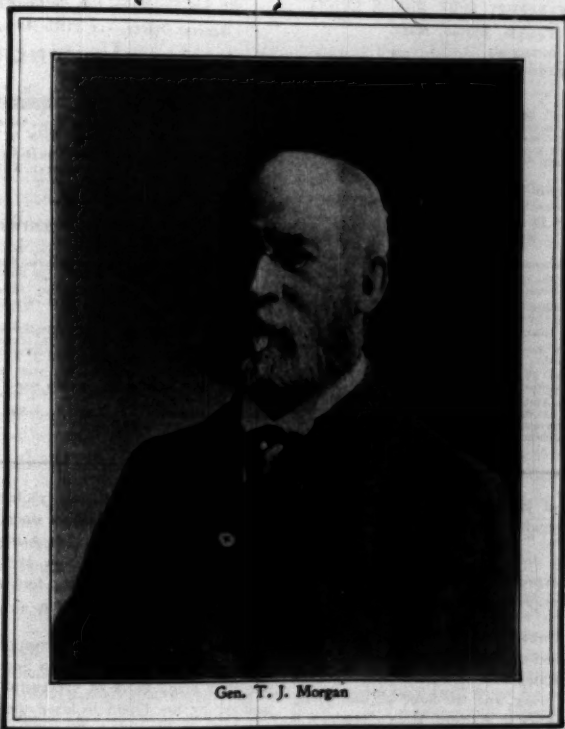
Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. VI.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1902

Nos. 8 and 9



Gen. T. J. Morgan

510 & Tremont & Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1902"

JANUARY.
Twenty Years among the Colored People.
FEBRUARY.
Alaska.
MARCH.
Our New Possessions.
APRIL.
Temperance and Home Missions.
MAY.
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Survey of the Field.

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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DURING the months of June, July, August, and September the office at 510 Tremont Temple will close *Saturday at noon*.

THE only word that expresses sin in the Kiowa language is crazy. Not an inappropriate term.

MRS. ALICE HOLT BRUNDAGE, 99 Belmont St., Somerville, Mass., has consented to act as Assistant State Vice-President of Eastern Massachusetts. Mrs. Brundage has special fitness for this work, and we hope all our young people's and children's work in Eastern Massachusetts will take on new life.

THE First Baptist Church of Charlestown, Mass., for a quarter of a century has had the privilege of retaining the services of Mrs. C. F. Byam as president of their woman's missionary Society. While many departments of the church have declined, through the efficient leadership of Mrs. Byam the "Judson Society" (which is a Union Society), has increased in interest and numbers.

AFTER reading our missionary's letter from New Mexico (among the Navajo Indians) we sincerely hope many of our circles will send boxes. The post-office address is (Rev. R. B. Wright), Fruitland, New Mexico. The freight address, Gallup, New Mexico, for missionaries at Two Gray Hills, care of C. N. Cotten.

MISS M. G. BURDETTE, Corresponding Secretary of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society, finds herself worn out after many years of successful work, and has been ordered by the Board to leave the office from July 1 to September 1, dropping all work connected with her official position. Generously helped by many friends, in company with the beloved preceptress of the Training School, Miss Burdette sailed July 5th for Europe. We extend our congratulations to our sisters, and hope this outing will result in renewed strength. Miss Burdette has proved herself a bare worker, and she deserves this respite from the burden of care which never leaves one occupying her position.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson*

Vol. VI.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1902

Nos. 8 and 9

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

FOR nine years it has been our privilege to be associated in Christian work with Gen. T. J. Morgan, who, upon the morning of July 13th, entered into rest. During all these years he has ever proved a tried and trusted friend to the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. Of strong intellectual powers, General Morgan dealt with large subjects. He took in the work of the denomination in North America as a whole, and if sometimes we were impatient because he seemed to fail to grasp details which we felt were so important, we always found that no part of the field was overlooked.

His heart was open and tender toward all phases of work, and he was ever ready to aid the cause of Christ by voice or pen. Although deeply interested in every question which touches humanity, his heart went out in greatest love for the negro, not because he was black, but because he felt he was the most needy of men.

How many times in public and in private have we heard him defend the negro against unjust prejudice. How untiringly he labored for his elevation, travelling many weary miles to right wrongs or to aid in increasing his material comfort.

Who that was privileged to attend the dedication of the new buildings at Spelman Seminary last November will ever forget his grand dedication address, upon which he had spent hours of thought? We followed him a few days later to Virginia Union University, Richmond, Va., and heard the students speak of the remarkable address he had given them upon his return from Atlanta. "The best we ever had," was the verdict of many. In March he attended the Woman's State Meeting of Connecticut, and gave a very thoughtful talk upon the work for negro women. At our annual meeting in May, although far from well, he came on to Boston, and gave a masterly address upon the topic,

"Industrial versus Intellectual Training for the Negro." At St. Paul, during the Anniversaries, he took a glimpse of the whole work of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, which delighted his audience.

Although intellectually strong, the social side of his nature will ever be remembered by his friends. As we have met him in our Mission schools in Atlanta and Richmond, or in his pleasant home, we have seen the abstracted look which he often wore disappear, and a vein of humor manifested itself in bright repartee or personal experience, which made him the life of the company.

We shall never forget the words of wisdom and counsel he has given us, as again and again we have sought his advice upon vexed questions concerning our work. We shall miss him. He will live many years in lives made better by his life and work. He set in motion influences which through all generations will help mankind to a larger, purer life. May the peace of God rest upon the troubled heart of his companion, whom he loved with tender affection. He has done his work here, and entered into a larger service. May we who remain "Lift up our eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

"Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
We have lost him, he is gone:
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent: and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions; nor a vantage ground
Of pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

— *Tennyson*.

From Corresponding Secretary



T the close of the Anniversaries at St. Paul it was the privilege of the editor to visit our mission stations in Indian and Oklahoma Territories. In 1888 the writer made his first visit to Indian Territory, and many changes have taken place in fourteen years. Then most of the towns were small and irregularly laid out. One-story houses were noticeable, and many of the people lived in tents. The Indians in their native costumes were occasionally seen, and many, in American dress, were riding high-spirited horses through the streets. One could ride miles into the country without passing any white homes. The Indians were then the conscious owners of the land; to-day all is changed. The Indians still nominally hold broad fertile acres, but the active work of the Dawes Commission has convinced these people that it will not be long before their beloved territory will be a white man's country. Brick blocks are taking the place of one-story houses. The Dawes Commission is rapidly surveying and laying out streets in city and town, even at the expense of landowners. The Indians are not seen, as in former years, galloping through the towns and cities. Many of them are down-hearted. They can never compete with the white man in business. They are slower and they do not fully understand our language. They are full of bitterness. The future seems dark indeed. If, after the lands have been allotted, free whiskey is allowed, as it is in Oklahoma Territory, the full-blood Indians will soon be destroyed, soul and body.

It was our privilege to be entertained in Atoka, in the pleasant home of Doctor and Mrs. Murrow. Doctor Murrow has been a missionary among the Indians in Indian Territory for over forty years. Warm-hearted and consecrated, his commanding figure brings great joy to every gathering of the Indians of all tribes. Opportunities to acquire wealth and honor have been presented to him many times during the long years of his residence in the Territory, but he has resolutely refused to consider them. He gave his young manhood for the help of the Indians when they were friendless. He is just as loyal to-day, while they are passing through deep waters. Although he now receives no salary from mission boards, having magnanimously relinquished it for the sake of what he thought would be greater efficiency in the Baptist work of the Territory, yet his thoughts and prayers are for the people he loves so much. Mrs. Murrow is actively engaged in the same good work. Their home is a haven of peace for tired mission workers. May God bless them in their Christ-like work.

AN Indian baby was dying. It lay in its father's arms, while near by stood another little daughter a few years older, who was a Christian.

"Father," said the little girl, "little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let me pray."

As she said, this she knelted at her father's knee, and this sweet prayer fell from her childish lips:

"Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen!"

Atoka Baptist Academy, Atoka, Indian Territory

WE arrived at Atoka, Indian Territory, upon the morning of Friday, May 30th. We went at once to the Baptist Academy, and found the school in session, and had a brief time to listen to the work of the pupils. We also had opportunity, with the friends of the school, to inspect specimens of work done in the industrial department by the Choctaw girls. The cake was excellent, and the lemonade refreshing. Souvenirs of the boys' work were also on exhibition, such as gags, towel-racks, rolling-pins, etc. In the afternoon the Opera House was well filled with interested people, and a Choctaw medal contest was the main feature of the session. Rev. J. S. Murrow at the beginning of the year offered a five-dollar gold medal to the Choctaw boy or girl who rendered the best recitation or declamation on this date. Twelve full-blood Choctaw boys and girls were chosen for the contest. Only one of the twelve had a living parent, and many could not speak English when they entered the academy. The exercises were highly creditable to the pupils, and also to their teachers. Two seniors received diplomas and gave fine orations. Hubert Rishel, the youngest son of the principal of the academy, was one of the graduates. He is a fine young man, with a quiet dignity which becomes his years. He has always shared the home at the academy and been a firm friend of the Choctaw Indian boys. We sincerely hope Hubert can have the advantages of university training, as we believe this promising young man will become a Christian worker of great ability.

The academy has suffered during the year for lack of room, and a strong effort is now being made to raise money to erect a new building. About one thousand dollars were pledged in about twenty minutes, at the close of the literary exercises. The donors were white people as well as Indians, and many of them not Baptists. This school is a source of power in the whole Territory, and under the able management of Professor Rishel and his devoted wife, we expect the coming year will be even more successful than the past.

An Indian Mother's Philosophy

"YOU must believe in the Indian's faith, not the white man's. Get the white man's wisdom, but not his religion. The medicine-man is our high priest. He talks with the Great Spirit. I want you to be a man. Be brave, and do not shrink from danger. It is not the lazy man who becomes chief; it is he who runs and hunts and is skilful. Laziness brings disgrace, and the women will laugh at you. When you go on the war-path, do not sit down when you are tired; do not bemoan nor turn back, but go on to the end. If you go to the end and fight bravely and are killed, I shall not cry for sorrow, but for joy. Your memory will make my heart sing like the birds in spring. That is what makes a man to fight and be brave, and to die if need be. If you die in battle, I shall be glad, but you must die with your face to the evening, and in the open field, where the birds will pick your flesh, and the night winds will kiss your bones. If you are wounded in the back, I shall die of shame. It is better to be killed in battle than be smothered in the earth. Be gentle, and never desert your friend. If the enemy surround him like a pack of wolves, do not run away, but fight for him and die with him. Then I shall be glad, and the women will sing your praises." — *Exchange*.

Indian University

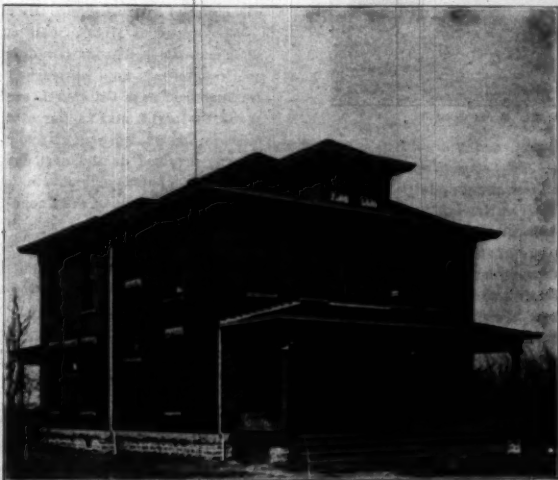
THE commencement exercises of Indian University were held in the chapel, beginning Sunday afternoon, June 1st, and closing Wednesday evening with a reception at Lewis Cottage, the home of the president. It was a company of earnest, attractive young people who greeted us, and, although the work of these days was not the regular work of the year, we believe good, faithful service has been given by the instructors. President Scott and his noble wife are enthusiastic over their work, and are planning for larger things the coming year. The president's residence has been erected since our last visit. We believe this building is a source of strength to the institution. It not only serves as a home for the president and his family, but, by their loving sympathy, it is an object-lesson to the pupils. Mrs. Scott knows how to make a home attractive, and the young people are welcomed to these pleasant rooms with their joys and sorrows. A new dormitory is soon to be erected. This is imperatively needed. One building is too small to serve as dormitory, school-room, kitchen, and dining-room. The three days spent at Indian University were fraught with pleasant memories. We regret that our missionary, Miss Margaret Hamilton, will not return another year. We hope that more full-blood Indians will avail themselves of the privileges of the school. The founder of the institution started it for the Indians. Gradually they are dropping out, and white pupils are pressing in. We remember the delightful visits we have made to this school in years past. The genial face of the founder, Mr. A. C. Bacone, comes before us with those of Rev. David Crosby and wife, and Miss Bonham. These were the times of struggles and disappointments, but the day of small things has passed. Indian University must keep step with the growth of the country if it is to become a power in the Territory. It must have better equipment, neat, well-kept grounds and buildings, plenty of workers, and material aid. Mr. Scott was looking forward eagerly to a visit from Doctor Morgan this autumn, and from him he expected much help. May God raise up new friends for this important work.

A Visit to the Oklahoma Indian Association



IN company with Mrs. J. S. Murrow and our teacher at Atoka, Miss Florence K. Ellis, we left South McAlester, Indian Territory, upon the afternoon of June 5th, for the purpose of visiting several of our mission stations in Oklahoma Territory, and also of attending the Indian Association which was to be held at Taupa with the Comanche church, June 12-15. The day was intensely hot, but our journey was over the Choctaw Railroad, through the fertile country of the Seminole Nation. This railroad has caused many changes in Indian Territory. We remember the journey of three days by carriage, which we took

through this same country fourteen years ago. Then the little houses of the Indians were built away from the road. We met many Indians, some negroes, but few white people. To-day little homes and clusters of houses for white people are now seen. We soon passed into Oklahoma Territory through a fertile country. Thriving farms and villages were often seen, and the rolling prairie of ten years ago was now blossoming like a rose. We spent

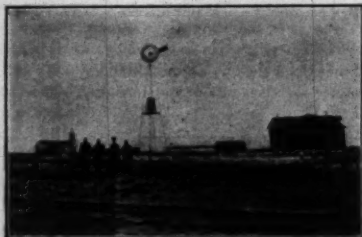


LEWIS COTTAGE, BACONE, INDIAN TERRITORY

the night at El Reno, and a short ride on the Rock Island Road brought us to Anadarko, where we arrived about ten A. M. The severe floods of the spring had washed away bridges and rendered these new railroads unsafe. We found that in order to reach Rainy Mountain Mission we would be compelled to spend a day in Anadarko, and then ride by carriage about twenty-five miles to meet the train from the west. Anadarko was formerly a government agency, most of the inhabitants being government employes. Last August a new town was laid out about a mile from the old site, and there are already about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, three hotels, several churches, and many tasteful residences. The Baptist pastor, Rev. Mr. Holt, called upon us, and we visited the little church over which the pastor is quite enthusiastic. Doctor Hume, a physician, whom we had met during former visits, also made a friendly call upon us. A number of people, who were detained like ourselves, made up a party which started in the early morn-

ing of June 7th for the ride over the prairie. The genial hotel-keeper urged us to take a luncheon, but we felt sure of arriving at our destination by five P.M., and we declined his kind offer. The country was one vast flower garden. We were told that the flora of Oklahoma Territory has never been classified. It will be rare pleasure for some enthusiastic botanist to visit this country in the near future, in June.

About one o'clock we arrived at the tiny railroad station of Fort Cobb, and were told that the cars would start west about four P.M. We waited patiently in the intense heat



RAINY MT. MISSION, O. T.

until nearly ten o'clock P.M., and the welcome whistle was heard, but we were not fairly started until an hour later. We reached Mountain View about midnight. Mr. Clouse, our general missionary, met us, having been at the station since four o'clock. A ride of six miles over the prairie at midnight is not an unpleasant experience, after it is over. We should prefer fording streams by day, however. As we ate our combined dinner and supper at one o'clock Sunday morning in the cozy parsonage of Rainy Mountain Mission, we lifted our hearts in praise for the mercies of the day. Sunday forenoon we spoke to the congregation assembled in the church, through the interpreter, Samuel Ahatone. Few New England Baptists realize the blessed work that has been accomplished on these prairies by our noble missionaries. We rested Monday, and Tuesday noon with Mr. and Mrs. Clouse, Mrs. Murrow, Miss Ellis, and Miss Ballew, we started for the Comanche country, about eighty miles distant, to attend the yearly camp-meeting. We decided to spend the night at Saddle Mountain, which is some twelve miles distant. These Indians at Saddle Mountain are members of the Rainy Mountain church, but two missionaries of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society live among them and do practical mission work. Saddle Mountain is one of the peaks of the Wichita Mountains. This whole region is beautiful for situation and scenery. We reached the farm of the interpreter, Lucius Aitsin, about four o'clock. The Indians had gathered from the country about en route for the association. The tents were soon pitched and a beef killed, and from numberless fires supper was soon under way, each family cooking its own meal. In the evening, under the brow of the mountains in the open air, a service was held, which, to at least one listener, was of deep interest. While waiting for the signal to be given which announces the hour of service, we sat on the doorstep of the interpreter's house. The many tents which dotted the valley glistened in the moonlight. Numbers of

horses were grazing upon the rich fields, and the little brook, as it flowed through the valley, added its music to the lowing of cattle and the sweet voices of the Indian children as they came to the place of meeting. Soon the door-step, ground and chairs in front of Lucius's house were filled with men, women and children, and the weird mountain songs of these people, as they sang praises to God. Then Gotebo's voice was heard in prayer, and Mr. Clouse gave a strong, earnest talk through the interpreter. The one burden of prayer seemed to be for God's blessing to rest upon the approaching association meeting.

Early the next morning we broke camp and started on our journey. Gotebo was chosen chief of the procession, and following one upon another twenty-three large covered wagons, with the Indians, and two hacks containing missionaries. Instead of following a trail across the prairie, we were compelled to follow section lines, as every claim was enclosed by barbed wire fences.

We stopped at Mount Sheridan (which arose one thousand feet above us), for our dinner, and then pushed on over rough roads until we reached the Comanche country. An open field near the church seemed an inviting place to spend the night, and as the association was held twelve miles farther on, we were glad to encamp. Several circumstances detained us the next day, and it was about four o'clock on Thursday, June 12th, when we reached the association on the banks of the Cache Creek. The Comanches were encamped upon one side of the stream, Cheyennes upon the hillside, while the Kiowas were near the large tent which served as church and hotel. Many little tents were soon pitched, and soon we were in the tents preparing for the meeting of the evening. Many white visitors were present, among whom were Doctor and Mrs. Murrow, Doctor Rairden, Doctor Proper, and a delegation of teachers from Indian University.



QUILTING AT THE CHURCH

The first session of the evening was devoted to a welcome by the entertaining church, and sermons, addresses, discussions, reading church letters, filled the three days and evenings of that memorable gathering. As the signal would be given for the hour of meeting, from each of the camps would come those red men and women, men with their white coats and pants, with their bright blankets wrapped around them; women, with Mexican shawls which were gorgeous in coloring and well suited their dark complexions; children, with their little garments elaborately trimmed with elks' teeth; while many babies were

brought upon the backs of their mothers, or borne in the cradles strapped upon their backs. These gaily dressed red men and women, seated upon the ground, and listening eagerly to all the words of Christian counsel or instruction which fell from the lips of visitors, missionaries, or their own members, were a picturesque sight.

Some phases of this associational gathering we shall emphasize in other articles, but, as we look back over the unique experience, we can repeat the words of Mrs. Clouse in a letter just received, wherein she tells of the journey home where storm and flood made it necessary to travel many miles over dangerous roads. "There is only one thing that makes me willing to take these trips, and that is that I believe the truth given these dark hearts in due time saves some lost souls. Over there we will cease to think of the hardships by the way."

THE following were the resolutions passed by the Oklahoma Indian Association, which was held at Taupa, Oklahoma Territory, from June 12-15, 1902. As we listened to them we wished they might be brought before our New England Associations with slight variations.

- I. Upon the use of tobacco.
 - a. It makes the breath stink.
 - b. It blackens the teeth which God has made.
 - c. It is a slow poison which kills many people.
 - d. If Jesus were on earth to-day he would not smoke or chew.
- II. Upon gambling.
 - a. To trade straight is good.
 - b. If we gamble we give nothing back to our brother.
 - c. Gambling road is full-blood brother to the stealing road.
 - d. Gambling people are bad people everywhere.
- III. Upon mescal feast.
 - a. Mescal hurts the body and mind of men.
 - b. It is idolatry, a false worship, not the true worship of God.
 - c. You cannot find Jesus in that road, for you can only find Him in the Bible.
- IV. The crazy drink road.
 - a. This is the devil's largest road. A very great and good man who has studied this drink road has said these words: "Every day we live, five hundred people are killed by crazy drink." It is just like a prairie fire, which burns everything it touches. It is like bad seed planted in the ground, it makes everything in the ground bad. It takes a man's body and mind. It takes a man's money, ponies, lands. It makes his wife and children suffer, and after a while go away and leave him. If a man falls into this road it spoils his Christian life. The Bible says, God's people must separate themselves from all bad things.

V. This association thanks the Comanche church and all its friends for their warm hands of welcome, and for the good food and way they have taken care of us. When we Cheyenne and Kiowa Indians go away, we pray that Jesus will bless this church very much.

CHIEF GOTERO,	}	Committee.
MR. CLOUSE,		
CHIEF IRON SHIRT,		

WE hope all our members will, if they have not already, read in *The Outlook* of March 29th the article by George Kennan entitled "Have Reservation Indians Any Vested Rights?" and also the reply of Commissioner Jones, and another letter from Mr. Kennan in the issue of April 19th, and study the matter carefully. We sounded the danger signal last month concerning this setting aside of solemn treaties by government in the case of Lone Wolf, and we have printed much about the Standing Rock leases. These are vital matters, most critical for the Indians, and the same principle underlies both. Mr. Kennan says: "We have ended one century of dishonor, and are, apparently, about to begin another." Never.

— *Indian Woman's Friend.*

Denver, Colorado

A NEWS special from Phoenix, Ariz., says: "Padre," a big medicine-man of the Yuma Indians, who lives on a reservation near Yuma, Ariz., has been offered as a sacrifice to the Spirit in accordance with their customs, and has expiated the sins of the tribe, which are held responsible for an epidemic of smallpox.

The medicine-man divined the Indians' intention several days ago and fled to the mountains, but, in a half-starved condition, wandered back to the Indian village, and pleaded for mercy. He was promptly bound hand and foot, and conveyed by a delegation of Indians to Mexico, where he was bound to a tree and cruelly tortured to death. "Padre" had a warm place in the hearts of his tribesmen, but their customs required them to make a heavy sacrifice.

How long will Christian America suffer the customs of ignorance and superstition to continue? When will the knowledge of a Divine Ruler who is Love be conveyed to these gropers after truth?

There are yet thirty-nine tribes of Indians in our land, great and small, outside of Alaska, without a Christian mission. Till these are evangelized, American Christians cannot truthfully say "The Indians have no need of our help." — *Selected.*

Indian Repatee

WHILE at the Pan-American last fall, the editor wandered into a little house among those of the Six Nations, where one old Indian seemed to be monarch of all he surveyed. He sat in stolid silence until some one asked if he could dance, when he seized a diminutive drum and sticks and began lively gyrations to his own music. The editor gazed at this exhibition of agility, and then at a scroll picture of him on the wall labelled, "Aged 89," and finally ejaculated, "You don't look as old as that."

Quick as a flash, with Li Hung Chang directness, he asked:

"How old are you?"

The editor coyly replied, "Oh, I'm sixteen."

He gave her one look, smiled broadly and said: "That's most as good a lie as mine. I'd like to have your picture to put on the wall beside mine."

Confused, amid the roars of laughter, the editor withdrew with agility equalling his. — *Exchange.*

Elk Creek Mission, Hobart, Oklahoma Territory

THE work at this place is more encouraging the past month. Congregations larger than ever before. Every one, both Christian and those who are not, pay the closest attention to the Word of God. The church as a body seems to be gathering new life. The interpreter (Robert) is at his post of duty regularly. Last Lord's Day a collection was taken amounting to six dollars, which will be sent to Rev. Mr. Rairden, D. D., for the purpose of helping to buy Mr. Wright, of New Mexico, a pony to carry the gospel to the Navajoes. He walks some days twenty miles, visiting his people. The Kiowas said if they had known it in time they would have given more, for it was a good work. There is nothing stingy about an Indian. He loves to give. And he gives the best he has, often all he has (I mean money). Ahorn was baptized, and he is rejoicing in the new life.

Another item of interest. Little Bow and his household are in attendance at all the Sunday meetings, also Wednesday meetings. For this we are especially grateful. For a long time they did not come to church, but attended the "Ghost Dance" and "Mescal Feasts." "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." He is Almighty and All-wise, and we trust He will lead them into the true light. We had such a good meeting at his place not long ago. He made a long talk. Some things he said were very good. He said his heart was seeking the right way, and when he became a Christian he would be *sure enough* a Christian. He thought it awful to tell God a lie, as he had seen some of the Kiowas do.

Dear Mrs. Reynolds, pray for the salvation of this family. Oh, how we long to see all these tribes accept Christ as their Saviour. I send a letter dictated by Mrs. Lone Wolf last year to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe sisters. I thought maybe you could use it. It is just like her dear self.

MRS. GEORGE W. HICKS.

June 31, 1902.

THE Osages are not dying out. Their last quarterly annuity payment, which aggregated \$80,000, or \$43 per capita, was \$1 per capita less than usual, owing to the large enrolment of children previous to the payment, the net increase in the tribe being sixty persons. It is said to be the first time in a number of years that the full-blood increase has exceeded the decrease in numbers.

Elk Creek Mission

Letter from Mrs. Lone Wolf

To the Cheyenne and Arapahoe brothers and sisters,
Greeting:—

I WOULD like very much to see you all. If Lone Wolf were home we would go up to your meeting, but he is in Washington, and I must stay home and take care of things.

Since I can't go to your meeting, I will send you some words out of my heart. I would like so much to go up to your camp-meeting. So I tell you what Jesus has done for me. He helps me all the time, since I gave my heart to

Him. I try hard to do His work and help our missionaries all I can. I love "Jesus road" because my heart is glad all the time since I am following Him. I want the Cheyenne and Arapahoe brothers and sisters to hunt for this "Jesus road," that your hearts may be glad, too. Believe the words your missionaries give you, for God sent them to you to tell you His words, that you might know Him and be saved.

I would like so much to see Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. I love them and wish I could be at the meeting, then I see them.

One thing more. Last year my baby took sick, very sick. I prayed much to the Lord to help it get well. I told God if He would let me keep her I would give money to our next camp-meeting, to help

along His work. But Jesus thought another way. He took my baby. But I not mad in my heart. So I send the money just the same to help His work. I pray that it may help many of you Indians to give your hearts to Jesus. I send my love to you.

A-KAW, *i.e.*, KOODLE LONE WOLF,
President of Mission Circle.



WIFE OF BIG TREE, UNBOKE, AND GRANDCHILD

YOU have known this Jesus road, so I am glad to stand here and give my thanks to Father. My dear Comanche brethren and sisters, this is a true Jesus road, and you must follow this way. We cannot see your heart, and do not know what you believe. I wish you would go to church in the place where you belong, that is where you belong. We are going back to our homes to-morrow. We will not forget you, but will pray for you.—Chief Lone Wolf at Association June 13, 1902.

Fruitland, New Mexico



MRS. E. B. WRIGHT

WE are, indeed, shut out from the rest of the world, only receiving messages at very irregular intervals. We have to depend almost altogether upon freight wagons to bring our mail, and for the last four weeks there has been a strike among freighters, who demand a higher freight rate. The supply points are Farmington, seventy-five miles away, Gallup, eighty-five miles, and Putnam, sixty miles. The freighters now

get sixty cents per hundred, but they are demanding one dollar. Indeed, I think they earn it, for they often bring seventy-five hundred pounds on a load drawn by four and six horses.

It often takes them five days to make the journey, and they have had extremely hard trips to make this month on account of the terrible sand-storms. Their feed costs so much that they make very little. Hay is \$20 a ton, and corn and oats two and a half cents per pound. This overland freight rate, added to the extremely high railroad freight, makes the prices of everything most exorbitant. I do not know what our trader is going to do. We have not suffered yet, but supplies are getting very low. This has been a very trying month. There has been so much sickness. We have been kept busy every day doing what we could to relieve them. We gave medicine to ninety-nine persons during April. It is so extremely dry, as we haven't had any rain this spring. People who have lived in this part of the country for years say they never saw it so dry before. The sand-storms have been terrific. We have to shovel out the sand almost every other day. It is said that the Navajos think the dry weather is caused by there being too many white people on the reservation. An old medicine-man asked Mr. Wright the other day if white people always get rain when they pray to their God. Mr. Wright told him that we do not always get it; that the Father always knows what is best for us, and answers prayers according to His will. They asked at one church service, when the wind was blowing so hard, if we knew any song that would stop the wind. Mr. Wright told them that there had only been One who had been able to still the storm. They asked Mr. Wright to pray for rain. Their cattle, horses, and sheep are dying, starving, because the grass is all dried up. They are so superstitious, and their medicine-men are such wonderful magicians and slight-of-hand performers, that, in their heathen darkness, they are yet unable to understand the simplicity of our Saviour's loving message. Everything which the Navajo does not understand he attributes to a supernatural cause. If they wished to make money by their performances, they could amass fortunes, but to them it is their religion, and not a money-making affair. Strangers are very seldom permitted to witness their performances. Among their many ceremonies are the "fire dance," where they dance in and upon

the fire, "the swallowing of the plumed arrows," "the dancing with a feather," "the moving of the sun" (they who have seen this say the sun seems to actually rise and set in the hogan. This is always done at night, and "the growing of the sacred corn." We have had descriptions of these from reliable sources, and sometime I will write more about them.

Their minds are so darkened by superstition, that it will take time to lead them into the light. Mr. Wright was visiting a camp of about two hundred Navajos the other day. He was invited into a hogan, where the medicine-man and his assistants were making the "painted god." They make it with different colored sands with turquoise for eyes. They were preparing to have a dance and sing over a sick girl that night. They told Mr. Wright that their god lives upon the mountain, and this picture represented him. They said they wanted their god and our God, too. Oh, how we long to teach them that there is but one God, and none other beside. The trader says that Mr. Wright was highly favored, as strangers are very seldom permitted to see this picture.

We had forty-eight at church service yesterday. Two squaws came to the door, but, learning that their son-in-law was inside, walked hurriedly away. They think they will surely go blind if they look their sons-in-law in the face. A Navajo has no trouble with his mother-in-law. Many of these Indians heard about Jesus yesterday for the first time in their lives. We haven't more than a dozen who have come regularly to church. Sometimes they come from a great distance. They ask some questions that have troubled the minds of the human race since the beginning of time. One Indian wanted to know who made God. They say they feel as if they are on a road going down, down, down, and cannot stop.

We hoped to begin the school again this month; but so few are living on the plains, for there is no grass for their sheep, I think a day school will be impossible. If we were equipped for a boarding-school, we could get children to come. They live too far from their homes to return to them at night.

I do so much need materials for sewing meetings for the women, such as gingham, calico, and denim for children's garments. This seems to be the only way to get the women together. The men and boys are around the trading-post and mission every day. They think the sewing-machine is a wonderful saver of time, so they began bringing me their shirts to make. I made a few, but, when I found that they could sew as well as the women, I gave them needles, thread, and scissors, and set them at work for themselves. It seems so odd to see them sitting here sewing and knitting.

I haven't heard from you since my last letter, but I suppose there is a letter from you at Fruitland. The last mail we received reached Fruitland April 16th. We are so anxious to hear from the outside world again. A bundle of letters cheers us for many days. I feel so tired this spring, and am, perhaps, a good subject to be tempted with homesickness sometimes. I haven't been home to see my father and mother for five years. I planned all last summer to go last fall, but this call came, and, believing it to be God's call, came, trusting Jesus to give me strength to bear the disappointment.

Yours with love,

EDITH R. WRIGHT.



American Baptist Home Mission Society

Gen. Thomas J. Morgan

IT hardly seems possible that the Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, who, on May 24-26 participated so effectively in the meetings at St. Paul, should on the 13th of July have finished his earthly career. But so it is. The tidings of the decease of General Morgan will carry deep sadness to multitudes from sea to sea; in denominational circles; in the Christian world at large; in educational circles; and in the realm of civil affairs; in all of which he was an active, energetic factor.

Returning from the Anniversaries, he was taken suddenly and seriously ill May 31st, and was confined to his home most of the following week. The next two weeks he was at the rooms a part of the time, attending the Board meeting June 8th, much of the time experiencing distress in respiration and in the action of the heart, the real cause of which was not discovered until June 23d, when it was found that copious pleuritic effusion had taken place, and that his life was momentarily in peril. The next day he submitted to an operation at the hospital in Ossining, which afforded much relief, and prospects for his speedy recovery were good, until Saturday, July 5th, when new and alarming complications arose. The battle for life was waged by able physicians with assiduity and skill, but all in vain, and the end came Sunday morning, July 13th.

This is ended the career of one who, beginning, almost empty-handed, by ability and energy and merit, attained to eminence in various positions, and at the age of sixty-two years and eleven months had done a wider and larger work for God and for humanity than one in ten thousand is ever permitted to do. He was intent and eager to do more, lamenting toward the last, when realizing that his end was near, that he must leave so much undone that he desired to do.

He was born in Franklin, Indiana, in August, 1839, his father being a Baptist minister of wide influence. At the age of thirteen he was left an orphan, and thrown upon his own resources. He worked his way through an educational course to the senior year in Franklin College, Indiana, until April, 1861, when he enlisted as a private soldier for three months; and in August, 1862, reentered the service as first lieutenant in the 70th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Colonel Benjamin Harrison. In October, 1863, he was promoted to the rank of colonel of the 14th United States Colored Infantry; organized and commanded the First Colored Brigade of the Army of the Cumberland; was for awhile on the staff of Gen. O. O. Howard; was in several important engagements, and for his valor was made brigadier-general, United States Volunteers, at the age of twenty-five.

Resigning his commission at the close of the war, in 1865 he entered the Rochester Theological Seminary, graduating in 1868. Subsequently he was Professor of Homiletics and Church History in the Baptist Theological Seminary at

Chicago; from 1881-84 was Principal of the Normal School at Potsdam, N. Y.; and from 1884-89, of the Rhode Island State Normal School. In 1889 President Harrison selected him as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, which position he filled with signal ability until his resignation in February, 1893, to accept the position as Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, to which he gave a little more than nine of the best years of his life. He was the author of several books, and was frequently in demand for public addresses on special occasions, his last principal address being at the Social Science Association in Washington, early in May of this year. He received, many years ago, the honorary degrees of D. D. and LL. D.

Intellectually, he ranked high. He had unusual analytical ability, comprehensive grasp of a subject, was rigidly logical, with force and facility of expression, and with powers so finely disciplined that they responded readily and easily to his bidding, whatever might be the task.

He possessed marked administrative ability. This was shown in the Indian Office at Washington, where he inaugurated new measures of great value to the service, in the face of bitter opposition from prelates and politicians. Through his efforts the pernicious system of government appropriations to sectarian schools for the Indians received a check that led, later, to the breaking up of the system. His ability as chief executive officer of the Home Mission Society is too well known to require encomiums here. In this position, while looking after the varied interests of the society, the one feature of its work that appealed to him most powerfully as a Christian philanthropist and patriot, was that for the colored people. In their behalf he planned and wrote and spoke on every possible occasion, and with unceasing energy strove to provide proper educational advantages for the rising generation. Some, indeed, could not appreciate what he did, and aspired to do, in the most disinterested spirit; but it will soon be deeply realized that no truer friend, and no more effective advocate of the American negro, has wrought for their elevation during these many years of service. His Christian character was irreproachable. He was a man of the highest integrity, conscientious, of strong convictions, anchored so firmly that he was not carried away by every gusty wind of doctrine, thoroughly manly, kind-hearted though not effusive, generous, and a lover of men who loved and served their Lord. By men in other missionary organizations he was highly regarded.

In the fulness of his powers, in the ripeness of a large experience, at the height of his usefulness, he has been transferred from this earthly sphere of service to the heavenly; and though a bright star has disappeared from the constellation visible to mortal eyes, with richer radiance it shines beyond the veil. His surviving companion, Mrs. Caroline Starr Morgan, his sympathetic and efficient helper to whom he was devotedly attached, will have the sympathies and prayers of multitudes in her great sorrow. To the society itself the loss is incalculable.

H. L. N.

Toibow's Letter to Mr. Wright



MY DEAR BROTHER WRIGHT AND THE NAVAJO INDIANS:—I send you my Christian love. As a good gift would give you pleasure, I give you Jesus's words. I am a Kiowa Indian, and you know what all the Indian roads are, that they are too weak. I can help you by my thoughts, for I am an Indian. You believe in God, and listen and believe what the missionary teaches you about the Jesus's road. All people in the world are not strong, just like people in a big flood of rain water. Sickness, pain, trouble, and death are just like this flood of waters (20,500 Navajos), and they have nothing to take hold of and hold on to. Now Jesus Christ our Saviour comes, and He is just like a strong walking-stick when they take hold of Him. So you must believe in Him and continue to believe in Him.

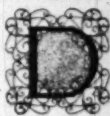
When Jesus's day comes, cut off your work and go to God's house, and sing and pray, and listen to God's Word, and be quiet in your hearts, just like a quiet, gentle horse. Don't think about your other ways, but think about God and His way. Look all day Sunday toward God. And this will do you good inside, just like good sweet fruit that you may eat. Brother and Sister Wright, your good missionaries, stand on each side of you, and take your hearts and lead you in the Jesus's road. Do not balk, like a bad horse, but let them lead you in this good road. When I was young and strong, the missionaries came before my face, and showed me God's Word, and I listened every time I could hear the good words, but I did not then give my heart to Jesus. Then came sickness and trouble, and it was just like fire in my body, and no one could help me. Indian doctor and white doctor say, Toibow in a little while no live in this world, have gone. And brother Clouse and his wife, and Mrs. McLean held my hand, and say this is the good road, you trust in Jesus, and I believe in Him. A long time, sixteen moons, I did not see the sun or moon, the earth and the flowers, or anything. Now I sit up in bed, and I go to God's house and the prayer meetings. Our hearts are just like the earth covered with grass, but when the Bible comes into our hearts, it is just like the ground ploughed up and the corn planted, and cotton and fruit trees, it is all made new and good. Like the plough turns under the grass, so this road ploughs under the old Indian roads. Do not be afraid, it will not hurt you, but like the new crop it will do you good. You will have a better road. God is the great Spirit, and He is rich, and you will be made rich. It may not be in money and stocks, but in your hearts rich in God's road. For this I, Toibow, say, "Aho, aho" (thank you, thank you) to the missionaries everywhere who come to teach the poor Indian the Jesus's road.

TOIBOW.

The Kiowa Indians are deeply interested in the work of Mr. and Mrs. Wright among the Navajos in New Mexico. The above letter from Toibow, a Christian Kiowa, is of deep interest. Toibow sought the Lord many weeks upon a sick-bed before he could realize the gospel message was for him without money and without price.

M. C. R.

Wichita Mission



DEAR READERS OF THE "ECHOES:—" Perhaps a few words from this field, the Wichita and Caddo Reservation, would be interesting to you. The government school near Anadarko has closed for the summer. Nearly all the children go home, though some prefer to remain at the school during the vacation. Any can do so if they desire. The people are glad to have their children with them again, and the children are glad to be free from the restraint necessary to their school life. The girls will don the Indian dress, the boys will retain the white boys' dress. They will put away everything to remind them of school, and are very much like white children in this respect. We attended the Woman's Meeting last Friday: there was a large number present. After dinner the women spent the afternoon cutting down weeds, and clearing up the grounds. The men sat around and watched the women work. I sat down beside a young man, and talked with him.

I said, "Why is it that you young men will let the women do this work?" He answered, "Why, they like to do it."

I said to him, "The women are stronger than the men, because they do the work, and when they get sick, they most always get well, but when a young Indian man gets sick, he most always dies." He assented to everything I said.

The men were all interested in the putting up of the bell, which was so kindly given to the Wichita people by Mrs. E. M. B. Winch, of Boston. They built a strong frame-work near one corner of the church, and hung it there. They are very much pleased with it; the old horn, which has been used so many years, will now be thrown aside.

The church has lost a faithful member in the death of Nidado, one of their oldest deacons. He always called the people together, as long as he could be carried to the church. He had to give up going this spring, a few weeks before his death.

The saloon is doing our young Indian men a great injury.

A camp-meeting has been planned for July; it will begin about the sixteenth of the month. The Indians receive quite a large payment then, and they are going to spend some of their money to provide food for the people who will attend the camp-meeting. They expect some of their Seminole brethren to meet with them.

If any church would like to do something for the Wichita church, they can send thread, needles, and patchwork, to be used in their sewing meetings.

June 24, 1902.

MRS. L. J. DYKE.

Bible in Public Schools

PRESIDENT BUTLER, of Columbia University, made a strong plea for the restoration of the Bible to the public schools, during an address at the meeting of the Educational Association in Minneapolis last week. He said that sectarianism has brought about such a serious condition in this nation that the English Bible is no longer known as literature. He was loudly applauded.

Introduction to "Ploughed Under," by Inshta Theamba (Bright Eyes)



HE white people have tried to solve the "Indian Question" by commencing with the proposition that the Indian is different from all other human beings.

With some he is a peculiar being, surrounded by a halo of romance, who has to be set apart on a reservation as something sacred, who has to be fed, clothed, and taken care of by a guardian or agent, by whom he is not to be allowed to come in contact with his conquerors, lest it might degrade him; his conquerors being a people who hold their civilization above that of all others on the earth, because of their perfect freedom and liberty. "The contact of peoples is the best of all education." And this the ward is denied.

With others, again, he is a savage, a sort of monster without any heart, or soul, or mind, but whose whole being is full of hatred, ferocity, and bloodthirstiness. They suppose him to have no family affections, no love for his home, none of the sensitive feelings that all other human beings presumably have. This class demand his extermination.

Under the shelter of the conflicting laws imposed by these two extreme views, the clever operators of the Indian Ring — not caring what he is, but looking on him for what he has, and the opportunities he affords, as legitimate prey — pounce on him and use him as a means of obtaining contracts, removals, land speculations, and appropriations, which are to be stolen. They tear him from his home, disregarding all the rights of his manhood.

Allow an Indian to suggest that the solution of the vexed "Indian Question" is *citizenship*, with all its attending duties and responsibilities, as well as the privileges of protection under the law, by which the Indian could appeal to the courts, when deprived of life, liberty, or property, as every citizen can, and would be allowed the opportunity to make something of himself, in common with every other citizen. If it were not for the lands which the Indian holds, he would have been a citizen long before the negro; and in this respect his lands have been a curse to him rather than a blessing. But for them, he would have been insignificant in the eyes of this powerful and wealthy nation, and allowed to live in peace and quietness, without attracting the birds of prey forever hovering over the helpless; then his citizenship would have protected him, as it does any other ordinary human being. As a "ward," or extraordinary being, if he is accused of committing a crime, this serves as a pretext of war for his extermination, and his father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or people, are involved in one common ruin; while if he were simply a citizen, he would be individually arrested by the sheriff, and tried in court, and either protected in his innocence, or convicted and punished in his guilt. The Indian, as a "ward," or extraordinary being, affords employment to about ten thousand employes in the Indian Bureau, with all the salaries attached, as well as innumerable contractors, freighters, and land speculators. He requires also, periodically, immense appropriations to remove him from place to place.

Imagine a company of Irish immigrants requiring from Congress an appropriation to move them from one part of the country to another! No wonder that the powers that be refuse to recognize the Indian as an ordinary human being, but insist that he be taken care of and "protected" by the decisions of the Indian Bureau. In this "land of freedom and liberty" an Indian has to get the permission of an agent before he can either step off his reservation, or allow any civilization to enter it; and this, under heavy penalty for disobedience. In this land, where the boast is made that all men are "equal before the law," the Indian cannot sue in the courts for his life, liberty, or property, because, forsooth, the Indian is not a "person," as the learned attorney, employed by a Secretary of the Interior, argued for five hours, when an Indian appealed to the writ of *habeas corpus* for his liberty.

The key to this complicated problem is, simply, to recognize the Indian as a person and a citizen, give him a title to his lands, and place him within the jurisdiction of the courts, as an individual. It is absurd for a great government like this to say that it cannot manage a little handful of helpless people, who are but as an atom in the mass of fifty millions of people, unless they treat them as "wards."

No, the Indian is not an extraordinary being; he is of the race of man, and, like others, is the creature of his surroundings. If you would know something of what he is, of how his spirit and disposition are affected by his circumstances, read the record of his life — its loves and hates — here set forth. As the hero of this story says, "If those of our race who have been slain by the white man should spring up from the sod as trees, there would be one broad moaning forest from the great river to the sea." The incidents of this tale are based upon easily authenticated facts — most of them, indeed, being matters of official record. The lines are not too deep, nor the colors too strong. It would be impossible to exaggerate the sufferings imposed upon my people by the cruel greed of their plunderers. As the author has graphically depicted, the huge plough of the "Indian system" has run for a hundred years, beam deep, turning down into the darkness of the earth every hope and aspiration which we have cherished. The sod is rich with the blood of human beings of both races. What sort of a harvest, think you, will it yield in the future to the nation whose hand has guided this plough?

NEW towns are springing up all over Oklahoma Territory. Lawton, near Fort Sill, was a prairie one year ago. Ground for the first house was broken in August, 1901. To-day it has nearly eight thousand inhabitants. Brick blocks, comfortable houses, and vigorous churches now exist. The Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Ingraham, pastor, has a membership of one hundred. There are sixty-three saloons in the town, which are a grave danger to the Indians. The white people need the Bible and the missionary as well as the Indian.

QUERY: If fifty-five Indians pledge \$25 for missionary work, what could our churches accomplish if their members gave as generously in proportion to their means?

A Navajo Indian Funeral

THE Navajo Indians of Northern Mexico and Arizona might aptly be called the Arabs of our southwest lands.

They are a pastoral people, living in no settled villages or communities, but following their flocks of sheep or herds of ponies and cattle from place to place, as they may find water and grazing on the semi-desert of their reservation.

They live in rude hogans, a shelter made by laying a framework of sticks, and covering them with grass and dirt; a small hole is left at the tops for the egress of smoke, only a small amount of which, however, cares to take advantage of the opening.

The tribe numbers nearly 25,000 and their reservation extends over a territory of two hundred square miles. They are entirely dependent on their own efforts for their livelihood, receiving no rations or other support from the Government. On the barren sand and rocks, with but little water, they are scarcely able to get sufficient food from year to year, and this year many of them will suffer bitterly for want of food and clothing.

But destitute as they are of physical comforts, their need for moral and spiritual help is yet greater; with practically no religion of their own, but few of this great number have ever heard the message of the gospel. They listen with brightening eyes and stilled breath to the story, to them new and marvellous, of the great God and Father, who, in His love, gave His Son to be the Saviour, friend, and teacher of the world.

But the story of the resurrection of the soul to life and glory is most strange of all to them, for their own traditions tell of no spirit life, except the evil agencies, which must be feared and propitiated.

When their loved ones die they believe that they turn to hideous dwarfs with enormous heads (*cheendies*), whose chief pleasure is in visiting with evil the relatives and friends left behind.

Let me describe to you a funeral, which is only a type of the common manner of burying their dead. A young mother died after great suffering. She had no attendance save the chanting and exorcisms of the medicine men. When it had been found that she must die, they built a temporary shelter for her, for she must not die in the permanent hogan. At her death their grief was great, for now their loved one had become a spirit of evil, whose power would be used only to plague them.

In great fear they carried her out into the desert, dug a shallow pit, placed in it her body with her blankets and ornaments, and then breaking their rude shovels, laid the pieces on the grave. They then endeavored to get away without leaving tracks by which the spirit might trace them to their homes. Taking pieces of brush, they went around the grave obliterating the tracks, then walking backward in each other's tracks, they started home, stopping at every step to brush out the footprints; when some distance from the grave they began running, and panic-stricken, with starting eyes and long black hair streaming in the wind, did not stop until they reached their hogan. They burned the dead woman's effects and washed all their own clothes, and after four days' stay left their hogan and went away, never to return again. Dear friends, especially those of us who wait with patient but longing hearts for the meeting with

loved ones in the Father's house, how sad must be the parting for these poor benighted souls, whose love is as strong and tender for their dear ones as our love is for our own. Shall we not pray that God will stir the hearts of those who may give or go that our great Church may have enough missionaries among these people to tell the story of the love of God the Father and of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ to those who to this day have never heard?—*Rev. C. E. Lukens, M. D., in Presbyterian H. M. Monthly.*

Indian Woman's Rights

THE Navajo woman, who has made her tribe the most famous of all living Indian races by means of her great and excellent invention, the Navajo blanket, occupies a social position of great independence. Her

property rights are carefully respected. She owns much of the wealth of the tribe, and her children belong to her alone. A woman may have hundreds of sheep when she marries, and not one becomes the property of her husband. Descent is traced through the female line. It is a survival of the primitive matriarchate.

The Navajo woman has no permanent home. The progress of the tribe has been greatly impeded by its dark superstition that every death is caused directly by Chinde, the devil, and that evil spirits linger about the dead body. The house is never occupied again. The corpse is buried in the floor, and the house pulled down over it, and a Navajo would freeze before he would make a fire upon the logs of one of these deserted heaps. So the Navajo "hogan" is a poor, temporary affair, a mere circular hut of logs and stones, with a hole in the roof for the smoke, and a blanket for the door. In the summer the Navajo woman loves to move into a brush "wickiup," made of greasewood boughs. There she sets up her loom in the shadow of the rocks and lives in the open air all summer.

—*Boston Journal.*



SCAFFOLD BURIAL

Atoka Baptist Academy, Atoka, Indian Territory

Schools of the Indian Territory



O you know how many children of school age there are in Indian Territory? The most meagre estimate gives one hundred thousand, of whom seventy-five thousand are whites. Of this great army of boys and girls only about thirty thousand have this year enjoyed the advantages of school.

When the Indians migrated here from Mississippi, they immediately established schools. These were boarding, day school, and mission schools combined. They were supported by money which the United States owed the Indians for their former lands. The teachers were missionaries who came here with no selfish purpose, but solely for the good they hoped to do the Indians. Many of them were grand and noble men and women. Among these are Mrs. Wright, well known to many of you; Mrs. Robertson, of Muscogee, Mr. Upton and Evan Jones, of the Cherokee nation, and Mr. Butrick, who had charge of Dwight's mission. They taught the industrial arts, Christianity, and the common branches. These schools were just what the Indians needed. There was also a fund provided for sending a number of youths to the Tom Dixon Institute in Kentucky and to a school in Connecticut. At these places a good influence was thrown around the boys, and most of them came back to be a great help to their people. Many were very anxious for an education, as is shown by their riding horseback from here to Connecticut. One of these was Israel Folsom, the father of Mrs. Robb, and our townsman, Julius Folsom. He afterward became a liberal educator, and was among the first to advocate schools for girls. For this departure from the old belief, that girls should know nothing and were only fit for work, he suffered persecution, and at one time came near losing his life on account of his persistent effort in this direction. There were, however, boys sent to other schools where the influence was not so good. The boys got into bad company and formed bad habits, and, when they returned to their people, many of them, instead of being a help, were a hindrance. Sometimes they used their education, thus obtained at government expense, to cheat their ignorant brothers out of their land and money.

Most of the common, or neighborhood, schools were not started until within recent years. The teachers had to labor under great difficulties. I suppose there has never been one cent spent by the government for furniture or buildings for neighborhood schools. They are held in any building that can be obtained. The ingenuity and resources of the teachers are greatly taxed in trying to secure the best results under such unfavorable conditions. There was one missionary, Mrs. Hotschkin, who came here soon after the Indians, and established a school in which she had quite a number of children, none of whom knew a word of English. She began by drawing the picture of some animal, familiar to them all, on the board. The children called out the name in their own language. Then she taught them the name in English, at the same time learning the name in Choctaw. The children got the idea that

they were the teachers, and took great pains in their work, and learned so rapidly, that in a short time she was able to carry on the school in English. This is one instance of how the teachers triumphed over their difficulties.

There were no material changes in the schools of the Indian Territory until the Indians took entire control, and put members of their own tribes in as superintendents. They did this, first, because there was some money in the schools; and the Indian politicians were anxious to get hold of it; and, second, because the missionaries had made the industrial department of as much importance as the literary. The Indians, failing to see the value of it, discontinued the industrial department. In many of the public schools of this and other countries, an industrial department is maintained, having classes in cooking, carpentry, sewing, and other useful arts. These are counted as studies of just as much importance as reading, writing, and spelling. If white children, whose parents for generations back have been masters of mechanics, need the drill, how much more the Indian youths. Then, too, the handling of tools is a discipline of the mind as much as arithmetic, and will prove practical in after life. Each Indian child possesses a tract of land, and, even if he does not farm it himself, a knowledge of mechanics and agriculture will be very useful. The ability to do things required in the industrial department helps to put one beyond the temptation to live in poverty and squalor. The Indians kept charge of their schools for six or seven years.

The Curtis Act of 1898 and the Atoka Agreement stipulate that the school funds of the Territory shall be collected and disbursed under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior. By a very liberal construction of this act the Secretary has assumed almost entire control. A supervisor for each of the five tribes, except the Seminoles, and a superintendent were appointed. Officers were also chosen by Indian governments, who work with the supervisors. The task of reconstructing matters has been accomplished with remarkable success. In the past the bulk of the school funds was spent in sending the children to the States to school and in supporting the boarding-schools. The first has been discontinued, and the school has been made more effective. They are managed by competent school men, and are full to overflowing. But the most care and energy has been spent in bettering the day-schools. Normal schools have been established in the various nations. The teachers have responded nobly, and have shown that they are willing to do their part in self-improvement in order to improve the schools. In this way, during the past summer, nearly four hundred teachers were gathered in the various normals. Teachers' meetings of great value have also been held during the year. The school work of the entire Territory feels the wholesome influence of these normals and teachers' meetings. Besides these schools maintained by the Indian governments, we have private, denominational, and a few public schools. We also boast of three colleges. But these are all full to overflowing, and still there are seventy thousand children in the Territory growing up in ignorance. There is great and urgent need of the government taking charge, and of placing within the reach of every boy and girl a well-equipped school. Until this is done the parents should make every effort possible to provide good schools, and the children embrace every opportunity, remembering that at best they have only meagre advantages, and that what they make of themselves depends to a large extent upon the efforts they put forth.

HUBERT M. RISHEL.

Oration delivered May 30, 1902.

Our Missionaries Among the Indians



WE hear many words of appreciation of our missionary teachers, of their noble work, and devotion to duty. This is just. They are an earnest band of workers. We have another class of laborers of whom we seldom hear, namely, our home missionary pastors and their wives. They have no farewell service when they leave home for their fields of labor, and little is known of them, but they are doing a work which is second to none, in bringing lost souls to a saving knowledge of Jesus. During the past few weeks we have been allowed to mingle with some of these men and women, and know from actual experience something of their manner of life. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Clouse have been at Rainy Mountain Mission, Oklahoma Territory, for seven years. During most of this time, they have had to bring their supplies themselves from Anadarko, a distance of twenty-five miles. No white people have lived near them, no cultured society, only Indians, in their blankets. Through their labors Immanuel Church now numbers 174 members, and they are men and women of a deep Christian experience. Big Tree, Gotebo, Ahatone, Umboke, Saneco, Toibow, with many others, give evidence, of changed lives. The church and parsonage stand upon the prairie, seven miles from the new town of Mountain View. Gotebo's house is about a mile distant. A white family living in a tent is a mile in another direction. Not another sign of human life greets the eye, although the Indians are scattered over many miles. When their friends die, they come to the parsonage, Mr. Clouse makes the coffin, and his wife the shroud, and the loved form is laid away in the tiny cemetery near the church. Once a week the Indian women gather in the sewing house which they have built near the church, and stay all day. The women make quilts, which they sell for a dollar apiece. Under the tuition of Mrs. Clouse, they can make good light bread, and are comparatively neat. During the past year, this Indian church has raised \$455. Eighty dollars were given for the Navajo work, and sixty to help on the Hopis, the wild-tribes of Arizona, while some money was sent for foreign missions. There are no markets near, where our missionaries can secure fresh meat or fruits, and there is no ice, so it could not be kept even if obtained. The drouth and winds make the success of a garden uncertain, yet cheerfully and earnestly these people labor on, caring for the souls and bodies of the neglected Indians. Mr. Clouse is a preacher of force and directness.

Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, at Elk Creek, are also among the Kiowas, thirty-five miles from Mountain View. They are the pioneers in this work. Mr. Hicks is a full-blood Cherokee, and has the quiet dignity and reticence of his race. He has done a fine work through all the years, and is a good preacher. Mrs. Hicks is an energetic, active little woman, with many New England characteristics, although born and reared in Georgia. Words of commendation were spoken of their work by missionaries and settlers. They are three miles from Hobart, a new town of three thousand inhabitants. Lone Wolf is a deacon in Mr. Hicks's church. One hundred and nine dollars and seventy cents have been con-

tributed during the year. Alaska, the Navajos and Hopis have been aided by this church. The Kiowas say they came from Alaska originally, so they are especially interested in that Northwest country.

Mr. and Mrs. Deyo are at Taupa, among the Comanches, near Fort Sill. For seven years these faithful laborers have been in a lonely field. The Comanches are not eager for gospel truth. Mr. Deyo is a graduate of the Rochester Theological Seminary. This is his only pastorate. His wife was a teacher in New York before her marriage. They

have had few results from their consecrated labors. Last winter the parsonage was burned, and a tiny four-roomed stone house is now being built. Only four hundred dollars have been appropriated for this house, but it will cost six hundred dollars. We hope these overworked missionaries will not have to bear the burden of securing money for their home. Their hearts have been cheered by the tokens of God's presence. Six were baptized in June. A remark Mr.



CHIEF IRON SHIRT, CHEYENNE

Deyo recently made shows his spirit. "A man's life does not amount to anything unless used in winning souls for Christ. We might as well spend ours here among these Comanches as in any other place." They have a church membership of twenty-one, and \$133.40 have been contributed during the year, most of it for missions.

Rev. Robert Hamilton and wife are at Watonga, Oklahoma Territory, among the Cheyennes. They have also a mission at Kingfisher, making in all fifty-two professing Christians among this tribe. Buffalo Meat is the deacon of the Kingfisher church. Mr. Hamilton is a man of ability and consecration. He finds this field hard, and in some respects discouraging. Five have been baptized during the year. Among them was Chief Iron Shirt. In attending the association this year, the Cheyennes travelled four days by wagons over rough roads, fording streams, and camping out by night.

Rev. F. L. King and wife are young people, and have been laboring four years among the Arapahoes. They are both well fitted for their work. They are some miles from the new town of Geary, Oklahoma Territory, among a people not anxious for the gospel. They have many discouragements, and suffer many privations, but they are determined to stay among these ignorant, degraded people until they are led into civilized, Christian habits of life and thought.

Rev. Mr. Dyke and wife are among the Wichitas, some distance from these other tribes. This tribe have had the gospel longer than the others, but they are slower to receive the truth, and have not made as much progress as the Kiowas. We visited some of the homes, which are grass

houses, and also the church. They are much delighted with the new bell, sent them by Mrs. E. M. B. Winch, of Westboro, Mass. Mr. Dyke has been for many years a missionary of the Home Mission Society in Indian and Oklahoma Territories, enduring many hardships, like a good soldier of the cross. Mrs. Dyke, supported by our Woman's Society, is a capable, efficient worker.

These are the missionaries who are doing our home mission work in Oklahoma Territory among the Indians.

We have spoken in another column of Doctor and Mrs. Murrow's faithfulness in Indian Territory. We would also mention Daniel Rogers, D. D., now pastor in Atoka, but who has for many years travelled over Indian Territory on horseback, doing pioneer work, with poor food, poor pay, camping out at night in lonely places. He is a strong preacher, but for Christ's sake doing his best to elevate the Indians. We honor these noble men and women for their self-denial and devotion. We do not have to go to foreign lands to find heroes and heroines. We have them in the United States. We would not forget the single women sent out by the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society who have helped grandly in this work. Miss Jayne, Miss Ballew (now a government teacher), Miss Johnson, Miss Reside, Miss McLean (now among the Hopis), Miss Bare, and others. Let us pray for these rare souls who gladly give up worldly ambitions to carry the unsearchable riches of Christ to the red men.

M. C. R.

Mormons Alive

IN February the ministerial association that includes the non-Mormon ministers and missionaries of Salt Lake City and environs sent forth a strong deliverance upon the same theme. Polygamy, they say, is proved to exist in multiplied instances in many cities and towns which they name. Plural marriages have been contracted since the Mormon Church disavowed the practice, and that church continues to teach and justify the abominable custom. The extensive colonization schemes carried on by the Mormons are intended to plant polygamy in new territory, more remote from civilization, where it may be practised with greater ease. They have also the second purpose of winning for Mormonism the balance of political power in as many States as possible.

It is easily possible for the Mormons to control the senatorial representation, not only of Utah, but of Idaho, Arizona, and New Mexico, as well as to obtain much influence in this direction in Wyoming and Colorado. What short of a revolution could stamp out polygamy if it gained such power as this in our upper House?

As we write a well-substantiated report declares it the intention of the Mormon Church to force into the United States Senate one of their twelve "Apostles," Reed Smoot. It is not charged that Mr. Smoot is himself a polygamist; he is the youngest of the "Apostles." He is bound up completely, however, with the iniquitous system of Mormonism, and it is to be hoped that his candidacy will arouse an opposition as effective as Brigham H. Roberts encountered when he attempted to enter the House.

There is evident need of a new crusade for purity, for obedience to law, for the maintenance of our national honor. If ever there was a set of missionaries that should be supported with heartiness, their number augmented and their work followed by the prayers of God's people, it is the missionaries to Utah, to "darkest America." — *Christian Endeavor World*.

Wood Island, Alaska

I think it right to make a statement giving the reasons for our leaving the work at the Kodiak Baptist Orphanage. During the winter I contracted a severe cold, and about the same time had a bad fall, striking on my head and shoulders. The consequence is, my lungs are in a critical condition.

Doctor Mills has examined me thoroughly, and advises me to go back to the States. Could Mrs. Forby and myself follow inclination alone, this statement would not be necessary; but it is probable that my life and usefulness depend on my going away from this place.

Friends, we have a warm place in our hearts for the workers of this mission and for the management. Brother Coe is a very busy man, and will need some one to help him.

Brethren, the work is many-sided and far-reaching. Mission work in a country like this is not all of the future life, but we have to think of that which now is. Several men and boys are kept busy catching, salting, and packing salmon and preparing cod for shipment. Several tons are ready for the next boat.

Before closing, I must say something about the children of the mission. Some of them came many hundred miles to find a home. Most of them had never before known what a Christian home is, and, when they begin to develop in understanding, and the English language becomes intelligible to them, it is wonderful to note the shining eyes and bright faces of the boys and girls; and, as they gain a little strength of character, it is very easy for a person, accustomed to them and their ways, to mark their improvement.

The attendance at family worship, both morning and evening, is pleasing and uplifting, and I think it would do some of the boys and girls of the States lasting good to be with us, and notice nearly every eye centred on the leader, and, during prayer, every head bowed in silence. In Sunday school and the church services the interest is equally good. The voice of the Spirit is calling some now.

It is hard to go away and leave them. The Lord has used us in blessing them, and we still want to be of use to them, though we may be far away.

There has been a satisfaction in coming to this work not known in any other way. We came trusting in Him who said, "Peace, be still," and in this time of trial our trust is still in Him.

FRANK H. FORBY,
RUTH FORBY.

REV. I. O. STRINGER and his wife are perhaps the loneliest of missionaries, and the nearest to the North Pole. They are on an island near the mouth of the Mackenzie River; their nearest white neighbors are 250 miles away; no vessel has called at that island during the last two winters; and a letter has just taken ten months to reach London. — *The Indian Standard*.

A VERY small Indian boy on one of our reserves not long since was driving over a bridge, and on seeing the reflection of the moon in the creek promptly shouted: "Oh, look, the moon fell in the water!" — *Progress*.



Among the Old California Missions

"FRANCISCAN Fathers deemed the spot so fair
They planted olives and the purple grape.
And gentle, pastoral Indians gathered there
To hear the lessons planned their souls to shape.
The circling hedge of sharp-spined prickly pear
Was barrier sure to all designing foe.
But any friend who wished might enter there
The willing hosts' sweet charity to know.

"The full-voiced chime that pealed the matin call
And bade the toiler to the vesper chant
Still hangs in arches of the ancient wall.
But now its rhythmic tones are sadly scant,
Their spaces are like empty cloister cells,
That echoed once the hallowed sound of bells."

It was on a charming afternoon in May that I visited San Gabriel Mission, which is but a little way from Pasadena and Los Angeles.

"Beautiful for situation" it is, indeed! Founded in 1771, the present building having been erected in 1775, San Gabriel is the oldest mission building now existing in a reasonable state of preservation, and, consequently, is of great interest to tourists.

Walking down the long aisles of the quaint old structure, gazing at the fine paintings brought from Spain, and the objects so sacred to the Catholic heart, we remembered the devotion of the Franciscan Fathers, journeying thousands of miles on foot, that they might establish these missions among the Indians. The chief spiritual director of the whole undertaking was Junipero Serra, the brave Franciscan missionary, who was filled with earnest zeal while in a convent on the Isle of Majorca, and who resolved that he would leave his country and go among the Indians. Of great scholarly ability and excelling as an orator, he had no other ambition than to preach Christ to the rude peasants, winning them to the Holy Church, or to go and bury himself among the uncivilized children of the forest.

He believed these Indians were lost forever unless some one preached to them of better things than they had known. Rather than that some half-hearted, half-in-earnest priest should go to them, he gladly left the world and its vain applause, society and its pettings, civilization and its luxurious comforts, to show them how they might, through all their sins and ignorance, find an open door into the blessed regions of paradise. With this instance in mind, of a life consecrated for the uplifting of those who knew not the joys of the true Christian believer, I asked the pastor, Father Joaquin Bot, who has been in charge of the San Gabriel Mission for the last thirty years, if he would be willing to go away. "Willing or unwilling to go, it is my duty to obey my superior," was the answer, which I accepted as a reminder that I had One whom I love to call my Lord and Master, and that it is my duty always to obey His com-

mands. Riding away from the mission, and seeing the cactus hedge to which reference was made in the verses on this page, and which surrounded the mission as a protection against wild beasts and wilder men, passing flourishing vineyards and fragrant orange and lemon groves with their borders of pomegranates, palms and olive-trees, I came upon a fine public school building, and I thought, here is a link between the old days and the new, the old-time superstitions and bondage, and the new plane of broad education and freedom. As I visited other of the old missions, — prominent among them that of Santa Barbara, the best preserved of all the twenty-one, — I felt glad that, since they are objects of great historical interest, strong efforts are being made by the "Landmarks Club" to rescue them from destruction and decay. They are indeed monuments to the perseverance, skill, and ability of the Franciscan missionaries who did so much in the early days to introduce the blessings of Christianity and civilization among the aborigines of this favored land.

While their chief significance to the practical mind is possibly that in their founding the padres began the colonization of California, we believe they were important factors in the spiritual development of the mission Indians. Coming down from the great bell tower of the old mission at Santa Barbara, and turning the wheel which rang the small bells that once drew the Indians to the place of worship, looking in another place at the paintings and representations of Our Lady, which caused the savages to lose their fear and distrust of the strangers on their arrival to found the mission, and to throw down their arms while the chiefs laid their necklaces at the feet of the, to them, beautiful Queen, I rejoice that there is now a more excellent way, and that Protestant Christians have opened the Book of Life to those who will therein find the way of salvation.

While I wish that, as reminders of the fact that these ruined buildings, erected on the spots where came the friars with their dusty sandals to plant the holy cross, may be preserved, and as far as possible restored, I rejoice in the indications I saw that the government has an oversight of its wards, and that schools here and there are established for their uplifting. I was impressed with the number of little Indian villages, with always a church-spire pointing heavenward, which I saw on the Puget Sound shores. Worship is an instinct of the human heart. Let us bring to these untutored minds a knowledge of the Christ we serve, who needs not to be approached through the Virgin Mary.

I regret it was not my privilege to journey through the sections of our country where our Baptist workers have established their mission schools to train the Indian youths into noble Christian manhood and womanhood. My observations were confined principally to the Chinese, Japanese, and Spanish. Our Secretary has much to say in this issue about the Indian work, and so we labor together for the setting up of our Lord's kingdom in the earth.

Our Little folks

DEAR LITTLE FOLKS:—

DO you not wish you could have these little Indian children in a class in your Sunday school, so you could be sure they would be taught about the blessed Jesus, and learn your pretty hymns and Bible verses? I think they would like the bright picture cards that I sometimes see in the Sunday schools. Or perhaps you wish you could go to see them in their desert home, and know how they live. Do you notice that some of them wear the Indian blanket of which you have heard? I am sure that whether or not you came to love the dark-skinned little riders, you would soon become attached to the patient burros that carry them so safely. These creatures are used in many dangerous mountain roads, where the path is very winding, and only the surest-footed animals could be ridden. I have heard expressions of pity that they are left to get their own food as they can, without the provisions for their comfort which their faithful service should ensure to them. They live to be very old. A friend said she rode one that was forty years of age. This picture is one I brought home.

I saw many little tepees or Indian camps while on my recent journey across the continent. I remember that one morning when the cars were rushing over the prairies, that I saw many odd-looking creatures on horses riding very rapidly.

I soon found they were Indians. From their wide-brimmed hats red and blue netting hung over their faces and necks and the backs of their heads, to protect them from the mosquitoes, which are very annoying in the East as in the West.

You see, while they looked as if they were riding blindly along, they could see very easily, and still be free from the swarms of little creatures whose only mission seems to be to make life miserable to people into whose neighborhood they move. Whether I saw the Indians, the Chinese, the

Japanese, or the Spanish, I wondered how much they really knew about our blessed Saviour, and whether I could not do something more than I have ever done to cause them to become good faithful Christians. ED.

"Little Squaw Wonah"



HALF-CLOTHED little Indian girl knelt just outside the door of her father's wigwam. She was not praying, though she did sometimes look up, wondering if the Great Spirit had place for Indian girls in his sunset land.

Wonah was making bread. The Indians called the motherless child "Little Squaw," and sometimes stopped to watch her as she kneaded the dough or baked thin cakes on the heated stone. The child was maid of all



LITTLE INDIANS OF THE MOJAVE DESERT

work, which means that she gathered the corn, and each day beat it into meal in the large wooden mortar, then made the bread. Her other tasks were light. There was no floor to sweep, no dusting of furniture, no dishes to wash. Good, strong grass mats made their beds, and once in a while Wonah took them out and gave them a hearty beating, which brought a grunt of satisfaction from the old chief. This was her usual round of duties.

He loved his girl, but one never saw her sitting on his knee, or caught him kissing her smooth brown cheeks. He only added a new string of beads to her necklace when he could barter his deer skins for them, and he kept her head adorned with feathers. Most of the fine things he took for himself—that is Indian way. His belt was gay with embroidery, and down each leg hung what looked like black

Home Mission Echoes

fringe. In reality it was hair—the hair hanging from the scalps of the enemies he had killed in battle.

The little squaw was happy enough when she had time to play with her brown-skinned friends, and especially when skimming the river in her light canoe. All went on well with her until one night her father came home with a flask of whiskey. White traders had taught the old chief to like the "fire-water." It made him happy at first. He did not know that it was making him cross, too. Wonah soon learned that. She wondered why he slept so much, and why he was so cruel. She had tried to give him food, but he had kicked her away.

After the whiskey was gone he was kinder, and she was once more happy. But ere long he came home with another flask, and then another; and poor Wonah suffered more and more—there were more flasks and less meat in the wigwam. Winter had come, and many a night Wonah was driven out to shiver in the cold. She began to cough, and a bright spot showed itself in her brown cheeks. Her only relief came when her father went off on his hunting parties, and she could creep in and lie down when the cough shook her poor frame.

One day a passing missionary stopped to talk with the lonely child sitting before the hut. But Wonah turned away; she would not look upon the white face. All she said was, "White-face; fire-water, fire-water," and turned into the hut.

The missionary had heard of the drunken father. She knew that the white men had taught him to drink, and she longed to atone in some way for the wrong, and to bring a blessing to the child. But Wonah grew worse. Day after day the missionary came to bring food or some comfort for the sufferer, until after awhile the child came to watch for her coming, and no longer turned away from the kind friend. But one day she asked: "Why do white men make red men drink fire-water?"

"Because they are wicked," said the lady. "They are selfish; they are willing to get money by ruining souls. Not all white men do so."

Little by little she taught the Indian girl about the one Great Spirit, and all the wonderful story of the Saviour's love.

"Does He love me?" asked the child, her bright eyes full of questioning wonder.

"Yes," said her friend, "he loves you."

Wonah drew a long sigh, turned, with her face resting on one hand, and was soon asleep. Waking, after a quiet rest, she said again: "Does He love me?"

"Yes," again answered the lady.

"I love Him—so much," said Wonah. Then she asked, anxiously: "Will you tell my father of Jesus?"

"Yes, if he will listen," said the missionary. "Will not you tell him?"

"I shall not be here; I shall go soon," she answered, and then the fearful cough came again, and this time there was the red life-blood with it.

When the paroxysm was over, the little squaw, looking up, said, softly: "My Saviour!" That was all; and thus her spirit passed into the sunset land. — *Mrs. H. C. Cooper in Kind Words.*

A Half Dozen Questions and Answers

Ques. How many Indians are there in the United States?

Ans. About 250,000.

Ques. How many tribes do they represent and where are they?

Ans. Nearly one hundred, and they are scattered through thirty-eight States and Territories.



GLADYS DYKE

Eleven-year-old daughter of our missionaries at Wichita Mission, Anadarko, O. T.

Ques. What is the population of the Indian Territory, including the Oklahoma Indians?

Ans. Sixty thousand.

Ques. How many schools are sustained by the American Baptist Home Mission Society?

Ans. Three. Atoka Academy, Indian University, Piquah Academy.

Ques. In how many schools does the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society support teachers?

Ans. Atoka Academy, Indian University.

Ques. What do all Indians need?

Ans. Training in home life, the arts and industries of civilized life, Christian teaching and example, and a knowledge of our blessed religion.